The City that Was Never Built.

As you journey out of New York into the west by either the Central Railroad of New Jersey or by the Lehigh Valley line you will, about 60 miles from the Hudson, pass a station marked Portal. Unless you have been so unfortunate as to take a local your train will not stop, but the grade at that point will give you an opportunity to make a mental picture of the little there is to see.

The valley is nearly a mile wide, a great level stretch of country surrounded on three sides by hills. Skirting the foot of these hills on either side you will see the one or the other of the railroads. A dozen houses surround each station, and a general store and blacksmith shop almost complete the picture, no matter which line of railroad you take. But this is not all. Stretching clear across the valley along the turnpike, leading from one settlement to the other, you will notice a solid stone wall about seven feet high, substantially built, but seemingly without any reasonable excuse for existence. It has none and yet it is the ever-present reminder of a few brief days, when 25 years ago the native sons of Portal dreamed of an industrial empire, of which this valley was to be the teeming, surging center. The hills were to belch forth geysers of gold and the century old pastures were to yield the fabulous values of Broadway corners. Almost in a day Portal rose in population from 100 to 4,000 souls, and before the simple-minded farm folk adjusted themselves to the startling rapidity with which modern commerce moves it had dropped back to 100 persons. Only the wall was left.

Seventy-five years ago, when New Jersey stood among the foremost of iron producing states, there had been a forge at Portal. From its hills was obtained ore bearing iron, not in large quantities, but still sufficient to make the manufacture of iron by the simple processes of the day profitable. Wood for charcoal was abundant and limestone was plentiful. For a quarter of a century the forge flourished, until Peter Cooper set up a large and more modern plant at Oxford, 20 miles away, and sold his product so much cheaper that the older pioneer was driven from the field.

In 1890 thousands of Italians were pouring into New York from the west where they had been employed in railroad construction. It was spring and the foreigner did not wish to go home until autumn. The labor markets of the east were glutted, and although nearly every one of these Italians carried $100 or so on his person none of them cared to spend a summer in idleness. Great hordes of these unemployed laborers gathered in a narrow street one block east of lower Broadway and from their small rear office two "buccaneers of finance," who spent their days wondering how the next month's rent was to be paid, observed them. One of these men had a friend in the real estate business, and in the course of a conversation a few months before the land dealer had mentioned a big tract of land in New Jersey which had recently been placed in his hands for sale. The story of the old forge had been told, and the two had given over an idle hour to speculating upon the prospects to starting an iron boom and selling the land off in town lotsThen some one had come and suggested an adjournment to the bar in No. 1 Broadway, and the subject had been forgotten.

The sight of the wealth of unemployed Italian energy under the office window had renewed the subject in the mind of the shoestring promoter. Casually he stepped down into the street, and picking out an intelligent-looking Italian secured a lot of information. That afternoon he looked up his friend, the land agent, and took a forty day option on the New Jersey land for $1. An hour later he had borrowed enough to rent a cheap ground-floor office on Whitehall Street. The few office fixtures were moved there, and the next morning a poorly inscribed pasteboard sign decorated the window. It was written in Italian, and a young man of that nationality occupied a desk in the office. Roughly translated, the placard announced that the employment agents within desired to hire 2,000 men at $2 per day on construction work 60 miles from New York.

It required the services of the youthful Italian and the two promoters to handle the crowd. As soon as the room was full the young foreigners would mount a chair,and in his native tongue announce that the work was waiting, and that only $10 each was required to secure a job for the entire summer, the company to provide the shelter and the workmen to feed themselves. After two or three of these little speeches no more were necessary, for those who went out promptly informed the crowd waiting to get in. Twenty thousand dollars approximately was taken in that day, and a special train on each of the railroads carried a part of the motley crew to the scene of their labors early the next morning. Several cars of lumber and provisions had left some hours earlier, and a legitimate employment agency had provided the necessary clerks, carpenters, etc.

The citizens of Portal rubbed their eyes and took a second look when they beheld the dark-skinned army descending upon them at daybreak. The promoter, who had arrived late the night before in a special car, had already bound the purchase bargain with the owner of the land by the payment of $500. No explanations were offered, but the word went forth that 500 teams could be used at $4 per day for teams and driver. Farm work ceased for miles around, and the desired number of nondescript wagons appeared before night. Likewise did there rise, apparently out of the earth, a long, low building of tarred paper and a large storehouse in which, ere the setting of the sun of that first day, a dozen clerks were busy doing out the necessities of life in exchange for cash.

That night another thousand men arrived, and the next and the next. Soon the multitude increased until the mile-wide plain was dotted with shacks and scenes of never-ceasing activity. Four thousand men were camped there, each of whom had parted with $10 for the privilege of joining the workers. The month that followed has never been duplicated in the industrial annals of New Jersey. Gaping holes were carved out of the hillsides, wagon load after wagon load of stones descended into the valley, where scores of dark-skinned workmen pounced upon them and built the rocks into a wall that will live long after the story of its creation is forgotten.

No one knew what all the mighty activity meant, for still no information was given out. The story of the ancient iron manufacturer was renewed, and it was finally settled upon by the countryside that a vast iron furnace was to turn their peaceful village into a throbbing metropolis. All wage arrangements were made on a basis of 30 days' credit. Payday was understood to be the 15 of each month, and the private car that stood on the siding and housed the now bediamonded buccaneers was supposed to contain the treasure that would pour forth on the eventful day.

Sometime in the early morning hours of June 15, 1891, an engine coupled onto the private car, and while the rising sun was gliding the skyline about Portal's hills the same day two gentlemen with much baggage were stepping aboard a steamer bound for Cuba. They carried with them well over $25,000 in cash.

Tasks at the "works" were started with enthusiasm that morning, and it was an hour before anyone missed the car. Even then the work went on, with no thought of the terrible disappointment in store. Some of the wiser foremen,scenting trouble slipped away on the eastbound train during the meal hour, and with only underlings to direct their efforts the Italians allowed the loads of stone to accumulate and spent their time in expressing grave forebodings to each other. At 4 o'clock 500 men in a body called on a foreman for their pay. He could only assure them that "everything would be all right." At 6 o'clock the plain was a bedlam, the clerks in the store locked up and deserted the depleted stock. Half an hour later the place was raided and the last article of value seized by the now infuriated mob. One station agent telephoned for the sheriff, and both notified their respective chiefs of the situation.

A barrel of whiskey was found under the floor of the store, and this was soon emptied. Fights broke out. Some one touched a match to the storehouse and in 10 minutes it was a mass of flames. The shacks soon fared the same fate. At midnight the sheriff and his deputies arrived, but they were powerless against the 4,000 madmen.

Exhaustion drove the crazed crowd to sleep, and the next day the Lehigh Valley and the Central of New Jersey railroads provided free trains for the transportation of the mob back to New York. The perpetrators of the fraud were never apprehended, but Portal gained a mile long wall and some valuable experience. Likewise, 100 farmers of the neighborhoon brought in short crops that year and charged off about $100 apiece to profit and loss.—New York Telegraph.

A Medicine Chest For 25c.

In this chest you have an excellent remedy for Toothache, Bruises, Sprains, Stiff Neck, Backache Neuralgia, Rheumatism and for most emergencies. One 25c. bottle of Sloan's Liniment does it all—this because these ailments are symtoms, not diseases, and are caused by congestion and inflamation. If you doubt, ask those who use Sloan's Liniment, or better still, buy a 25c. bottle and prove it. All druggists. 3

Winter Care of Roads.

Water, not cold, is the cause of the deterioration of roads in winter, according to the road specialists of the department. Cold weather does not in itself injure roads no matter whether they are earth, gravel, or macadam. In fact, an earth road will stand more traffic when it is solidly frozen than at any other time. Excess water, however, is always detrimental to a highway. When cold weather turns this water into ice, the damage that it does is greatly increased. Ice occupies considerably more space than the water from which it is formed, and every person who has lived in a cold climate is familiar with the powerful bursting effect of water when left to freeze in a confined vessel. The same action takes place when a wet road freezes to any considerable depth. It simply bursts, or, as we generally term it in road parlance, the road heaves. Later, when the frost leaves, the road is disintegrated and ruts badly. If this process is repeated a number of times during the winter, a gravel or macadam road may be practically destroyed, while an earth road may become entirely impassable.

A dry road will not heave. Rock, gravel, sand, and even clay when perfectly dry contract slightly on freezing, these materials must contain or be mixed with water, and the more water they contain the greater the expansion which takes place. But so long as the road remains frozen the damage does not become apparent. Hence the frequent and erroneous idea that it is the thaw which injures the road. The injury was done when the water in the road froze and the particles of the road surface—briken stone, sand, or still finer particles of earth or clay—were pushed apart by the expanding power of the freezing water. The thaw merely allows the ice to melt and assume its original volume as water.

The remedy is self-evident. Keep the water off the road The time to begin preventive measures is early in the fall, before the rains begin. If the road goes into the winter thoroughly dry, with the surface and drainage in good condition, the chances are extremely favorable that it will come out all right the following spring.

Keep the ditches and drains open. Remove all accumulations of weeds, grass etc., which tend to retain moisture and obstruct drainage. Futhermore, do this work early, while the ground is still dry and hard. Vegetation and litter hold water like a sponge and allow it gradually to soak in and soften the earth. The job before the road man is to keep the hard, dry surface formed in the summer time from becoming softened by the fall and winter rains and snows. When the fall rains begin the earth or gravel road should be dragged frequently to prevent the formation of ruts and the collection of water. All raveled places on the macadam surfaces should be carefully filled in and consolidated.

During the winter whenever a thaw is coming on, the cross drains and side ditches should be opened up as far as possible so as to prevent water collecting along the roadway. If the that is so pronounced that the roadway is softened, the drag should be used; sometimes one round trip of the drag, with the hitch reversed, will entirely rid the earth road of slush and melting snow and leave the road surface practically dry. Don't get the idea that the drag is not needed on your earth and gravel roads in the winter time. Instead, keep it where you can get at it readily, for if the winter is an ordinary one you will need it many times.

Winter destruction begins in the early fall. The best way to prevent such destruction is to forestall it. Keep the road dry and remember that so long as it remains so it will not be seriously injured by frost. Keep the drains open, the ditches clear, remove all vegetation and litter, and use the drag frequently. If the road is kept dry to a depth of 2 feet below the surface there will be little trouble from the coldest winter.

How To Prevent Croup.

It may be a surprise to you to learn that in many cases croup can be prevented. Mrs. H. M. Johns, Elida, Ohio, relates her experience as follows: "My little boy is subject to croup. During the past winter I kept a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough remedy in the house, and when he began having that croupy cough I gave him one or two doses of it and it would break the attack. I like it better for children than any other cough medicine because children take it willingly, and it is safe and reliable." Obtainable everywhere. m

A Long Time In Building.

"How long were you in building your house?

"I completed it in two months?

"You succeeded better than I did, for it was six month after I began to build before my house was completed."

But this is trifling compared with the time necessary to complete other notable buildings. A church at Rochester, N. Y., must have been fifteen years in building. In New York city the cathedral named after St. John the Divine has been twelve or fifteen years under construction and is not much more than half completed. In Europe we have examples of cathedrals that required thirty-five years, another, seventy years, and one one hundred and twenty years for its completion. I hear of another the cathedral of St. Sophia at Constantinople which, if I am correctly informed required five hundred years of work before the builders laid down their tools.

I have heard a great deal about the Cologne cathedral and anticipated great pleasure in seeing this marvelous specimen of architecture, requiring 600 years in construction, but when I stood before it I was disappointed, as I was the first time I saw Niagra Falls, and the occassion on which I saw the Sequoia trees of California which did not seem large though our stage and four horses could drive through a hole made in the trunk. The cause of my disappointment in this Cologne cathedral was its beautiful proportions. It is in fact so large that several smaller churches could be placed inside of it without being particularly in the way.

Did the kings, the aristocrats, the nobles build these great cathedrals? No, they were built largely by the savings of the poor. This is one reason why so many years were occupied in completing these structures There were pauses in order to give time for the laboring men and women to save their pennies and dimes to continue the great work.

Chamberlain's Tablets.

This is a medicine intended especially for stomach troubles, biliousness and constipation. It is meeting with much success and rapidly gaining in favor and popularity. Obtainable everywhere. m